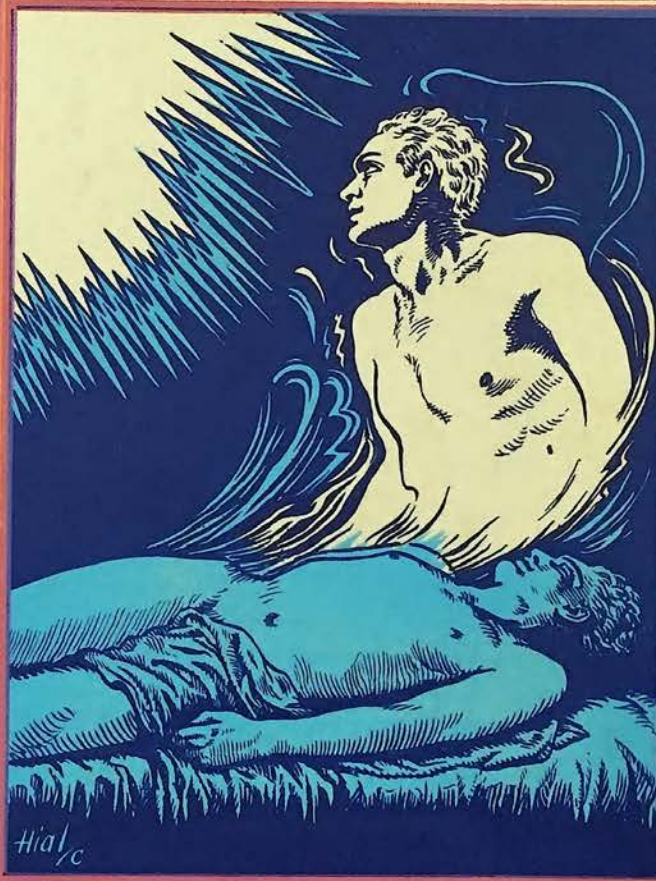


Reality

Consciousness has Many Octaves
and All Together Produce Reality

M A Y
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A Pelley Publication

The One Perfectly Attainable Thing



HERE is only one wish realizable on earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death! And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers! It is true that we shall never reach the goal, it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries, and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end.

O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither!

Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

LOST KNOWLEDGE OF STRANGE ARTS

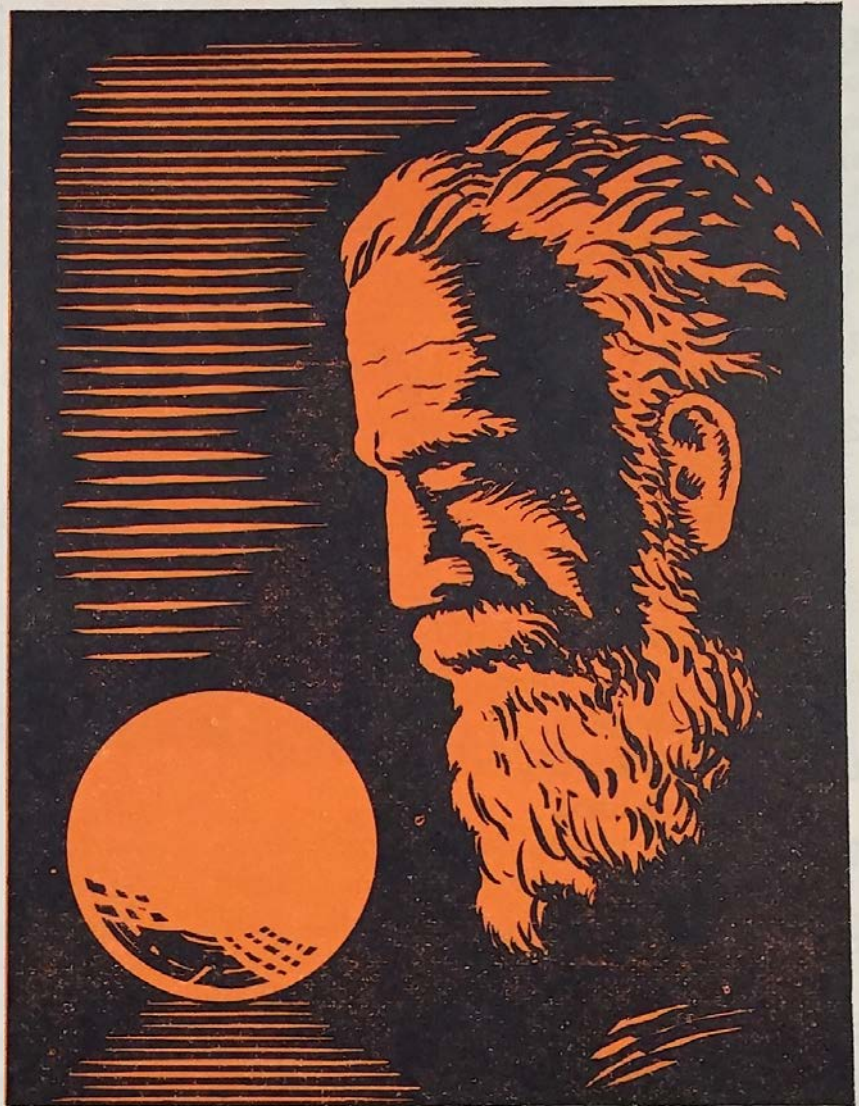
PEOPLE throughout the whole Nation today are hungering for a Faith that is founded upon doctrine that does not make an enemy of Science.

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with Great Americans

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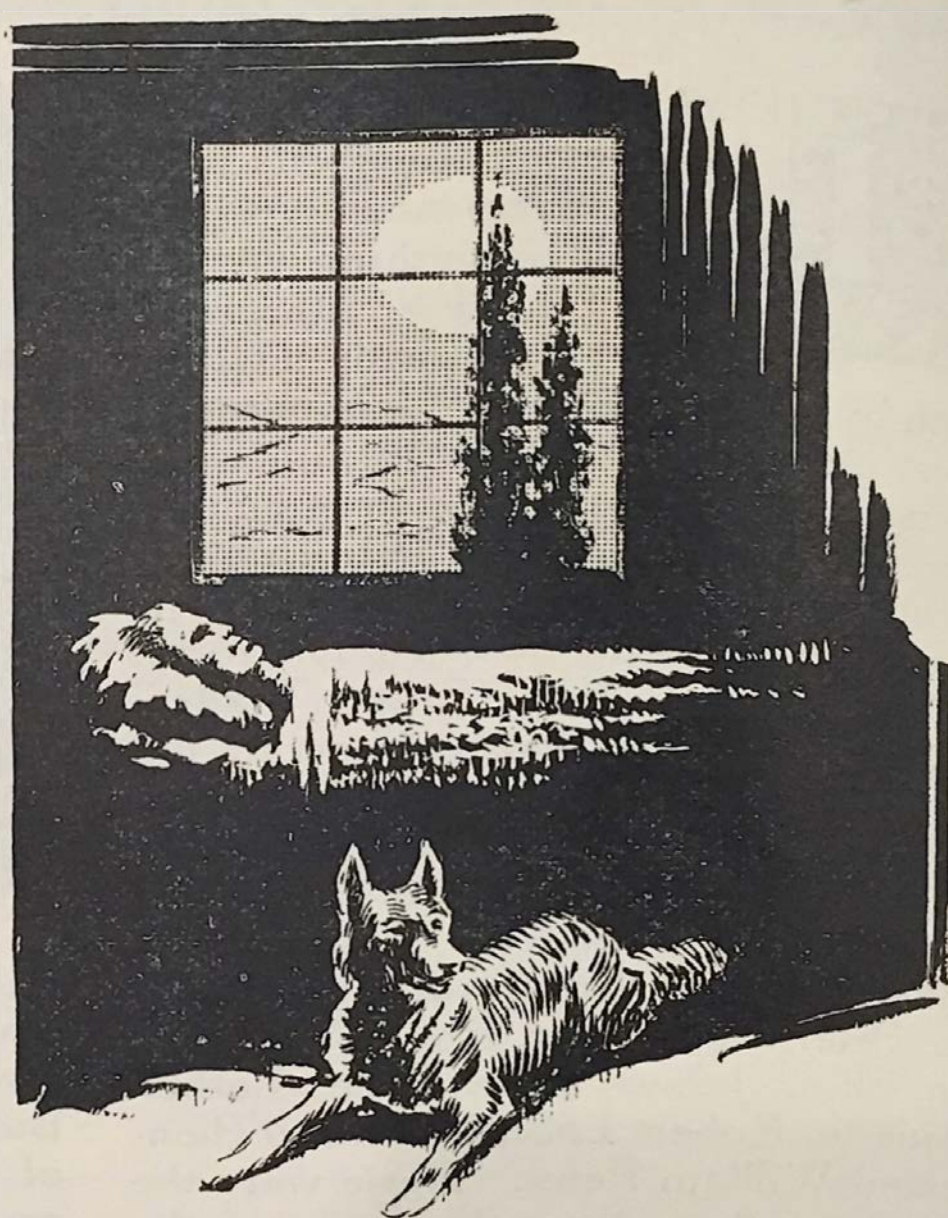
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*"I turned off the light and fell asleep,
little dreaming what daylight
would bring forth . . ."*

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REALITY is a Magazine of practical Esoterics issued on the fifteenth of each month by THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS, Box 2630, Asheville, N. C. Contents copyrighted by the Editor, WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY, 1939. Art decorations by Hial Cummings. Types set by F. S. Cunningham. Page composition by Rex Boyd. Press work by Dwight Williams. Terms of Subscription: One year of Twelve Numbers, \$3. Six Months, \$2. Thirty-five cents per copy. Please make all remittances payable to THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS, Asheville, N. C.

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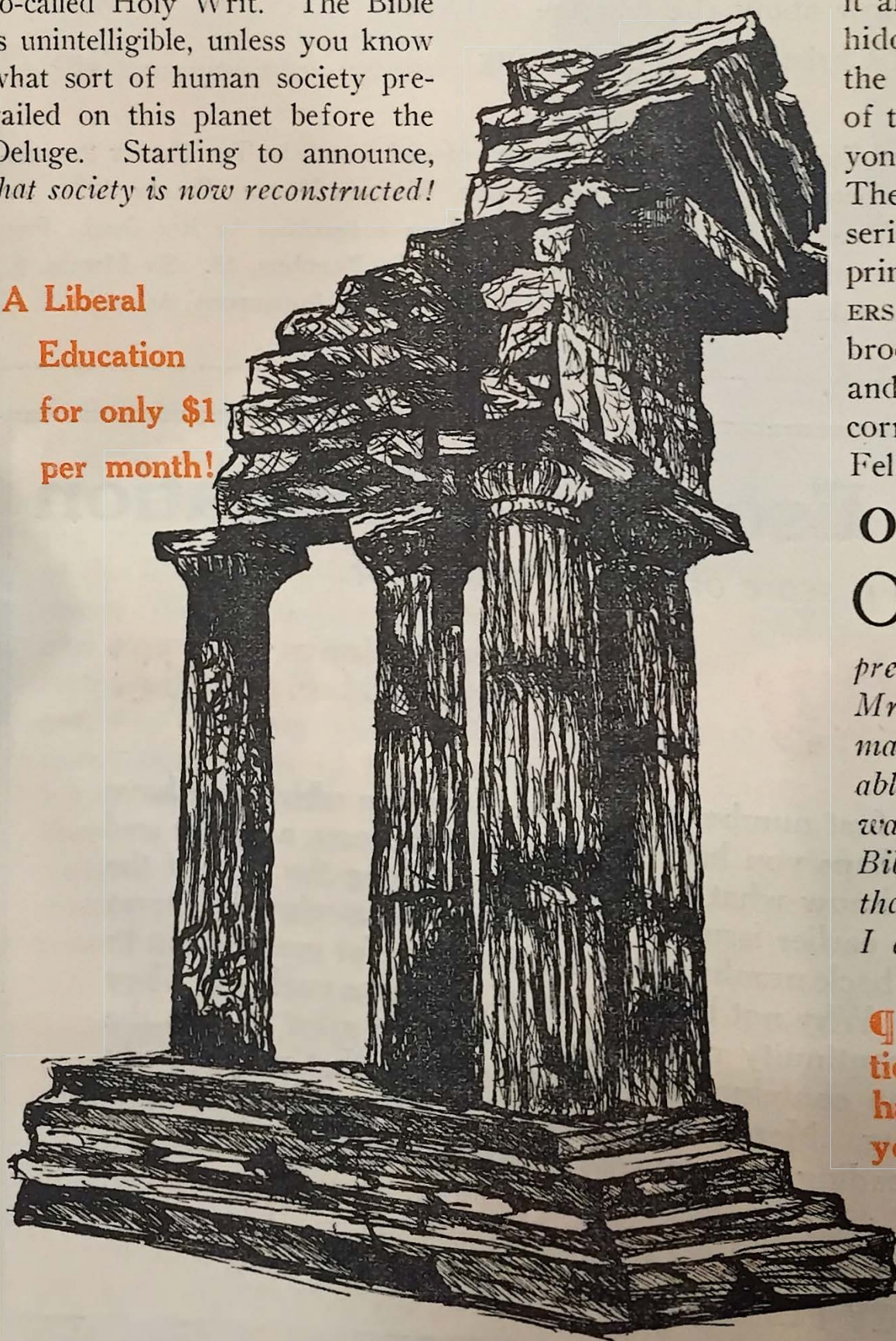
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Asheville, N. C.**

Reality

Magazine

Volume II

MAY, 1939

Number 8

The Report of—

Pontius Pilate to Caesar

CONCERNING JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD

The History of Jesus Christ's three years' ministry, trial, death, burial and Resurrection. By Pontius Pilate. Copied April 7, 1893, from the original Scroll in Greek, now on file in the Ancient Library at Rome.




O TIBERIUS CAESAR, EMPEROR OF ROME:—

Noble Sovereign, Greeting: The events of the last few days in my province have been of such character that I will give the details in full as they occurred, as I should not be surprised if, in the course of time, they may change the destiny of our nation, for it seems of late that all the gods have ceased to be propitious.

I am almost ready to say, Cursed be the day that I succeeded Valerius Flaceus in the government of Judea; for since then my life has been one of continual uneasiness and distress.

On my arrival at Jerusalem I took possession of the praetorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the tetrarch of Galilee, with the high priest and his officers. At the appointed hour no guests appeared. This I considered an insult offered to my dignity, and to the whole government. I lived secluded from the masses. One day the high priest deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit at the table of the Romans, and eat and offer libations with them, but this was only a sanctimonious seeming, for his very counte-




nance betrayed his hypocrisy. Although I thought it expedient to accept his excuse, from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemy of the conquerors; and I would warn the Romans to beware of the high priests of this country. They would betray their own mothers to gain office and a luxurious living. It seems to me that, of conquered cities, Jerusalem is the most difficult to govern. So turbulent are the people that I live in momentary dread of an insurrection. I have not soldiers sufficient to suppress it. I had only one centurion and a hundred men at my command. I requested a reinforcement from the prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. A insatiate thirst for conquest to extend our empire beyond the means of defending it, I fear, will be the cause of the final overthrow of our whole government which I represent.



AMONG the various rumors that came to my ears there was one in particular that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee preaching with a noble unction a new law in the name of the God that had sent him. At first I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans, but my fears were soon dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as friend of the Romans than of the Jews. One day in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group a young man who was leaning against a tree, calmly addressing the multitude. I was told it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those listening to him. His golden-colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. Never have I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions!

Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my secretary to join the group and listen. My secretary's name is Manlius. He is the grandson of the chief of the conspirators who encamped in Etruria waiting for Catilina. Manlius had been for a long time an inhabitant of Judea, and is well acquainted with Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and worthy of my confidence. On entering the praetorium I found Manlius, who related to me the words Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I read in the works of the philosophers anything that can compare to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked Jesus if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar, he replied: "Render unto Caesar the things that belong to Caesar, and unto God the things that are God's."

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have him arrested, and exiled to Pontus; but that would have been contrary to the justice which has always characterized the Roman government in all its dealings with men; this man was neither seditious




nor rebellious; I extended to him my protection, unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, and to choose disciples, unrestrained by any praetorian mandate. Should it ever happen (may the gods avert the omen!), should it ever happen, I say, that the religion of our forefathers will be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to this noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature death, while I, miserable wretch, will have been the instrument of what the Jews call Providence, and we call destiny.

HIS unlimited freedom granted to Jesus provoked the Jews—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter, and this was a political reason, in my opinion, for not restraining the liberty of the Nazarene. “Scribes and pharisees,” he would say to them, “you are a race of vipers; you resemble painted sepulchres; you appear well unto men, but you have death within you.” At other times he would sneer at the alms of the rich and proud, telling them that the mite of the poor was more precious in the sight of God. Complaints were daily made at the praetorium against the insolence of Jesus. ❧ ❧

I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him; that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets; an appeal would be made to Caesar. However, my conduct was approved by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement after the termination of the Parthian war. ❧ ❧

Being too weak to suppress an insurrection, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to restore the tranquillity of the city without subjecting the praetorium to humiliating concession. I wrote to Jesus requesting an interview with him at the praetorium. He came. You know that in my veins flows the Spanish mixed with Roman blood—as incapable of fear as it is of weak emotion. When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilica, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron hand to the marble pavement, and I trembled in every limb as does a guilty culprit, though the Nazarene was as calm as innocence itself. When he came up to me he stopped, and by a signal he seemed to say to me, “I am here,” though he spoke not a word. For some time I contemplated with admiration and awe this extraordinary type of man—a type of man unknown to our numerous painters, who have given form and figure to all the gods and the heroes. There was nothing about him that was repelling in its character, yet I felt too awed and tremulous to approach him. ❧ ❧

“Jesus,” said I unto him at last—and my tongue faltered—“Jesus of Nazareth, for the last three years I have granted you ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates or Plato, but this I know, there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it, and I, his humble representative in this country, am



glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Nor is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed—against you on account of your discourses being so severe upon their conduct; against me on account of the liberty I have afforded you. They even accuse me of being indirectly leagued with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left them. My request—I do not say my order—is, that you be more circumspect and moderate in your discourses in the future, and more considerate of them, lest you arouse the pride of your enemies, and they raise against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of law." ✿ ✿

THE Nazarene calmly replied: "Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain-gorge: it will uproot the trees of the valley. The torrent will answer you that it obeys the laws of nature and the Creator. God alone knows whither flow the waters of the torrent. Verily I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms the blood of the just shall be spilt." "Your blood shall not be spilt," said I, with deep emotion; "you are more precious in my estimation on account of your wisdom than all the turbulent and proud Pharisees who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans. They conspire against Caesar, and convert his bounty into fear, impressing the unlearned that Caesar is a tyrant and seeks their ruin. Insolent wretches! They are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep to accomplish his wicked designs. I will protect you against them. My praetorium shall be an asylum, sacred both day and night." Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said with a grave and divine smile: "When the day shall have come there will be no asylum for the son of man neither in the earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the just is there," pointing to the heavens. "That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished." ✿ ✿

"Young man," I answered, mildly, "you will oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province which has been confided to my care requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my order. You know the consequences. May happiness attend you; farewell." ✿ ✿

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace, love, and charity. I was born the same day on which Augustus Caesar gave peace to the Roman world. Persecutions proceed not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Retain, therefore, your worldly prudence. It is not in

your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation." ✠ ✠

So saying, he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilica—to my great relief, for I felt a heavy burden in me, of which I could not relieve myself while in his presence.

To Herod, who then reigned in Galilee, the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene. Had Herod consulted his own inclinations, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his royal dignity, yet he hesitated to commit an act that might lessen his influence with the Senate, or, like me, was afraid of Jesus. Previously to this, Herod called on me at the paetorium, and, on rising to take leave, after some trifling conversation, asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene. I replied that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those great philosophers that great nations sometimes produced; that his doctrines were by no means sacrilegious, and that the intentions of Rome were to leave him to that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and, saluting me with ironical respect, departed. ✠ ✠



THE great feast of the Jews was approaching, and the intention was to avail themselves of the popular exultation which always manifests itself at the solemnities of a passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted. I wrote to the Prefect of Syria for a hundred foot-soldiers and as many cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city, too weak to suppress an uprising, and having no choice but to tolerate it. They had seized Jesus, and the seditious rabble, as though they had nothing to fear from the praetorium, believing, as their leaders had told them, that I winked at their sedition—continued vociferating: "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Three powerful parties had combined together at that time against Jesus: First, the Herodians and the Sadducees, whose seditious conduct seemed to have proceeded from double motives: they hated the Nazarene and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They never forgave me for having entered the holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman emperor; and although in this instance I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrilege did not appear less heinous to employ a part of the treasure of the temple in erecting edifices for public use. My proposal was scorned. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for government. They bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene for three years had been continually giving them wherever he went. Timid and too weak to act by themselves, they had embraced the quarrels of the Herodians and the Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend

against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that resulted therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the High Priest and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas, performed a devisory act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to confirm his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came under Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered him to be sent thither. The wily tetrarch professed humility, and, protesting his deference to the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands. Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel. Every moment increased the number of the malcontents. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth. All Judea appeared to be pouring into the city.



I HAD taken a wife from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into futurity. Weeping and throwing herself at my feet she said to me: "Beware, beware, and touch not that man; for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision. He was walking on the waters; he was flying on the wings of the wind.

He spoke to the tempest and to the fishes of the lake; all were obedient to him. Behold, the torrent in Mount Kedron flows with blood, the statues of Caesar are filled with gemonide; the columns of the interium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb. Ah, Pilate, evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the vows of thy wife, dread the curse of a Roman Senate; dread the frowns of Caesar."

By this time the marble stair groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me. I proceeded to the halls of justice, followed by my guard, and asked the people in a severe tone what they demanded.

"The death of the Nazarene," was the reply.


"For what crime?"

"He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the ruin of the temple; he calls himself the Son of God."

"Roman justice," said I, "punishes not such offenses with death."

¶ "Crucify him! Crucify him!" cried the relentless rabble. The vociferations of the infuriated mob shook the palace to its foundations. ✠ ✠

There was but one who appeared to be calm in the midst of the vast multitude; it was the Nazarene. After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, I adopted a measure which at the moment appeared to me to be the only one that could save his life. I proposed, as it was their custom to deliver a prisoner on such occasions, to release Jesus and let him go free, that he might be the scapegoat, as they called it; but they said Jesus must be crucified. I then spoke to them of the inconsistency of their course as being incompatible with their laws, showing that no criminal judge could pass sentence on a criminal unless he had fasted one whole day; and that the




sentence must have the consent of the Sanhedrin, and the signature of the president of that court; that no criminal could be executed on the same day his sentence was fixed, and the next day, on the day of his execution, the Sanhedrin was required to review the whole proceeding; also, according to their law, a man was stationed at the door of the court with a flag, and another a short way off on horseback to cry the name of the criminal and his crime, and the names of his witnesses, and to know if any one could testify in his favor; and the prisoner on his way to execution had the right to turn back three times, and to plead any new thing in his favor. I urged all these pleas, hoping they might awe them into subjection; but they still cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

I then ordered Jesus to be scourged, hoping this might satisfy them; but it only increased their fury. I then called for a basin, and washed my hands in the presence of the clamoring multitude, thus testifying that in my judgment Jesus of Nazareth had done nothing deserving of death; but in vain. It was his life these wretches thirsted for.

OFTEN in our civil commotions have I witnessed the furious anger of the multitude, but nothing could be compared to what I witnessed on this occasion. It might have been truly said that all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk, but to be borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along in living waves from the portals of the praetorium even unto Mount Zion, with howling screams, shrieks, and vociferations such as were never heard in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumults of the forum. By degree the day darkened like a winter's twilight, such as had been at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was likewise the Ides of March. I, the continued governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilica, contemplating athwart the dreary gloom these fiends of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was deserted. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gate that leads to Gemonica. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guards had joined the cavalry, and the centurion, with a display of power, was endeavoring to keep order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than that of men. A loud clamor was heard proceeding from Golgotha, which, borne on the winds, seemed to announce an agony such as was never heard by mortal ears. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the temple, and setting over the city covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that men saw both in the heavens and on the earth that Dionysius the Aeropagite is reported to have exclaimed, "Either the author of nature is suffering or the universe is falling apart."

Whilst these appalling scenes of nature were taking place, there was a dreadful earthquake in lower Egypt, which filled everybody with fear, and scared the superstitious Jews almost to death. It



is said Balthasar, an aged and learned Jew of Antioch, was found dead after the excitement was over. Whether he died from alarm or grief is not known. He was a strong friend of the Nazarene. Near the first hour of the night I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city toward the gates of Golgotha. The sacrifice was consummated. The crowd was returning home, still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, taciturn, and desperate. What they had witnessed had stricken them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman cohort pass by mournfully, the standard-bearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief; and I overheard some of the Jewish soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not understand. Others were recounting miracles very like those which have so often smitten the Romans by the will of the gods. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt, then, looking back toward Mount Calvary, would remain motionless in expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the praetorium, sad and pensive. On ascending the stairs, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him several Romans in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept most bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep, and my heart being already over-charged with grief, we, though strangers, wept together. And in truth it seemed that the tears lay very shallow that day with many whom I perceived in the vast concourse of people. I never witnessed such an extreme revulsion of feeling. Those who betrayed and sold him, those who testified against him, those who cried, "Crucify him, we would have his blood," all slunk off like cowardly curs, and washed their teeth with vinegar. As I am told that Jesus taught a resurrection and a separation after death, if such should be the fact I am sure it commenced in this vast crowd.

"Father," said I to him, after gaining control of my feelings, "who are you, and what is your request?"


"I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, "and am come to beg of you upon my knees the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth."

"Your prayer is granted," said I to him; and at the same time I ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him to superintend the interment, lest it should be profaned.




FEW days after the sepulchre was found empty. His disciples proclaimed all over the country that Jesus had risen from the dead, as he had foretold. This created more excitement even than the crucifixion. As to its truth I cannot say for certain, but I have made some investigation of the matter; so you can examine for yourself, and see if I am in fault, as Herod represents. ✠ ✠

Joseph buried Jesus in his own tomb. Whether he contemplated his resurrection, or calculated to cut him another, I cannot tell. The day after he was buried one of the priests came to the praetorium and said they were apprehensive that his disciples intended to steal the body of Jesus and hide it, and then it appears that he had risen from the dead, as he had foretold, and of which they



were perfectly convinced. I sent him to the captain of the royal guard (Malcus) to tell him to take the Jewish soldiers, place as many around the sepulchre as were needed; then if anything should happen they could blame themselves, and not the Romans. ¶ When the great excitement arose about the sepulchre's being found empty, I felt a deeper solicitude than ever. I sent for Malcus, who told me he had placed his lieutenant, Ben Isham, with one hundred soldiers, around the sepulchre. He told me that Isham and the soldiers were very much alarmed at what had occurred there that morning. I sent for this man Isham, who had related to me, as near as I can recollect, the following circumstances: He said that at about the beginning of the fourth watch they saw a soft and beautiful light over the sepulchre. He at first thought that the women had come to embalm the body of Jesus, as was their custom, but he could not see how they had gotten through the guards. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, behold, the whole place was lighted up, and there seemed to be crowds of the dead in their graveclothes. All seemed to be shouting and filled with ecstasy, while all around and above was the most beautiful music he had ever heard; and the whole air seemed to be full of voices praising God. At this time there seemed to be a reeling and swimming of the earth, so that he turned so sick and faint that he could not stand on his feet. He said the earth seemed to swim from under him, and his senses left him, so that he knew not what did occur. I asked him in what condition he was when he came to himself. He said he was lying on the ground with his face down. I asked him if he could not have been mistaken as to the light. Was it not day that was coming in the East? He said at first he thought of that, but at a stone's cast it was exceedingly dark; and then he remembered it was too early for day. I asked him if his dizziness might not have come from being wakened up and getting up too suddenly, as it sometimes had that effect. He said he was not, and had not been asleep all night, as the penalty was death for him to sleep on duty.

HE said he had some of the soldiers sleep at a time. Some were asleep then. I asked him how long the scene lasted. He said he did not know, but he thought nearly an hour. He said it was hid by the light of day. I asked him if he went to the sepulchre after he had come to himself. He said no, because he was afraid; that just as soon as relief came they all went to their quarters. I asked him if he had been questioned by the priests. He said he had. They wanted him to say it was an earthquake, and that they were asleep, and offered him money to say that the disciples came and stole Jesus; but he saw no disciples; he did not know that the body was gone until he was told. I asked him what was the private opinion of those priests he had conversed with. He said that some of them thought that Jesus was no man; that he was not a human being; that he was not the son of Mary; that he was not the same that was said to be born of the virgin in Bethlehem; that the same persons had been on the



earth before with Abraham and Lot, and at many times and places. ✠ ✠

It seems to me that, if the Jewish theory be true, these conclusions are correct, for they are in accord with this man's life, as is known and testified by both friends and foes, for the elements were no more in his hands than the clay in the hands of the potter. He could convert water into wine; he could change death into life, disease into health; he could calm the seas, still the storms, call up fish with a silver coin in its mouth. Now, I say, if he could do all these things, which he did, and many more, as the Jews all testify, and it was doing these things that created this enmity against him—he was not charged with criminal offenses, nor was he charged with violating any law, nor of wronging any individual in person, and all these facts are known to thousands, as well by his foes as by his friends—I am almost ready to say, as did Manlius at the cross, "Truly this was the Son of God." ✠ ✠

Now, noble Sovereign, this is as near the facts in the case as I can arrive at, and I have taken pains to make the statement very full, so that you may judge of my conduct upon the whole, as I hear that Antipater has said many hard things of me in this matter. With the promise of faithfulness and good wishes to my noble Sovereign,

I am your obedient servant,

(Signed) PONTIUS PILATE.

(In the interest of truth.)



What Deceased People Report about Sensations of Dying

QUT in California recently, the legislature changed the penal law. It declared that men legally condemned to death should no longer be electrocuted but executed by being confined in an air-tight chamber and breathing the fumes of sodium-cyanide eggs, dropped into acid. Lethal vapor arises from such mixture, in thin ribbons of fog. Taken into the lungs, the condemned man feels consciousness slipping immediately. Insofar as his own sensations are concerned, he simply falls asleep. And he never wakes up! How does anyone know? Because victims of sodium-cyanide fumes have accidentally inhaled the fumes, gone through the same physical sensations as those of men not allowed to awaken, and been revived to tell the tale.

But here is the uncanny thing, making death by these fumes of interest to psychical students generally—

The first two men to be put to death by the State of California in its new gas chamber were Albert Kessel and Robert Cannon. The report of the executions had it that Cannon was so anxious to get the ordeal over with, that he leaned as close as possible to the acid bucket and inhaled deeply. He gasped, and the shock jerked back his head—as the head reacts when the nostrils accidentally take too strong a whiff of ammonia or smelling-salts. His

eyes closed, he coughed, and thereafter was quiet. Five minutes later, the physicians pronounced him dead. But according to medical science—and whether we choose to believe it or not—had a belated reprieve come for Kessel or Cannon within five to fifteen minutes after their being pronounced dead, both could have been brought back to life.

For among the official witnesses to these first executions by gas in San Quentin Prison was San Francisco's Director of Public Health, Dr. J. C. Greiger. And upon Dr. Greiger's person was a phial of liquid that could have made these two condemned felons living men again.

The substance which could have worked the seeming miracle—and which Dr. Greiger had succeeded in developing and using on human beings who had been victims of cyanide fumes—was, and is, a dye known as Methylene Blue. It is an antidote for both cyanide and carbon-monoxide poisoning.



YOUNG man by the name of Charles Riley was a medical student who swallowed a large dose of cyanide because his fiancée had jilted him for another man. He was rushed to San Francisco's Emergency Hospital, and upon arrival his body showed no signs of life. He was, to all tests and appearances, as dead as he ever would be. Without the

antidote handy, he would have been so pronounced and his body turned over to the nearest undertaker for embalming. ¶ Dr. Greiger injected a solution of the new preparation, Methylene Blue, and within fifteen minutes the would-be suicide was breathing almost normally. ¶ "This case was unique for two reasons," Dr. Greiger said later. "It was the first of its type in medical annals. Likewise, and even more startling, is the fact that apparently young Riley seemed to remember his experience."



CHARLES RILEY said, fully recovered: "I took about fifteen grains of potassium cyanide in forty ounces of water. I had no sensation except a numbness which started at the bodily extremities, and spread slowly throughout my physical system. There was no muscular rigidity in going under. . . . "Even while supposedly dead, I had a distinct sensation of floating. There was none of the common blackness recognized as death. I felt as if I were coming out into the light—into a vast, glowing place of cool sunshine—like entering a new and mysterious world. It was, I believe, simply another state of consciousness, different from anything that I had ever experienced before. My excursion into this strange realm was brief. I didn't feel tragic about it, only tremendously surprised and happy to find myself still conscious. I don't call it a psychical or mystical experience. There was nothing obscure about it. I don't remember details, there wasn't time enough, but I do remember a definite feeling of release, something like emerging from a dim room into sudden brightness." The incident is noteworthy, not so much for the physical miracle accomplished by the antidote drug, but from the reactions mentally and spiritually on the consciousness of men thus released from their physical encasements and—brought back!

Strange to relate, and yet perhaps not so strange, in almost one hundred percent of cases of people thus resuscitated from asphyxiations or drownings—particularly drownings—the same report is made: first of the "floating sensation," then of the emergence from darkness or shadow, into radiance.



UP in Pennsylvania seven years ago, a youth of seventeen fell from a boat during a severe afternoon thunderstorm over a lake, and was drowned. His body was under water for fully a half hour before grappling hooks brought it to the surface. A physician was summoned, and pronounced the lad dead. ¶ But desperate relatives determined to work upon the body and try to induce artificial respiration. The sum and substance of it was, that the spirit-soul was drawn back into the lad's "corpse" and he aroused to tell his story. Millions of people across the country heard him interviewed in the talking-news weeklies. "What were your sensations during the time that you were pronounced dead?" asked the movie inquirer. "I was up in the air, floating around, or watching the efforts made to revive my 'dead' body," he replied. "How high in the air did you go, in your floating around?" "Not so very high," he responded. "I seemed to be able to move about anywhere, just by thinking about it!" Legion are the numbers of people who have been pronounced dead from hospital operations, who have felt the mystical "pull" to go back into their bodies, and to the stupefaction of physicians and nurses, have given post-mortem signs of returning to life. Uniformly these too, declare the same thing: "I let go, and floated upward. I seemed to be the same sort of person I had always been, and I moved about just as I had always moved about. I

seemed to have some sort of body, and it rather shocked me to take note of a body that looked uncannily like mine, lying inert on the bed below me."

Such is the sum and substance of their testimonies, from every quarter of the Nation. ✿ ✿

Even persons who have made the passing and contrived to communicate through psychically sensitive persons, say precisely the same.

Death itself is not painful. In fact, it seems a vast physical relief, like throwing down, casting aside, or escaping from, a monstrous load or burden.

¶ The psychical libraries of the world are stuffed with books of testimony, that all runs similarly: "I got free of my body, but found myself in exactly the same sort of world that I'd always been in, only I'd lost the sense of feeling or touch. I could see and hear, but I couldn't smell or taste."

So then, we have the right to ask, entirely aside from metaphysical instructions: What sensations occur when the spirit-soul thus departs the collapsed physical self, and what is the "body" that it feels that it is clothed with?



DEATH itself is not painful! This is the outstanding assurance that seems to be contained in every expression and testimony that we receive upon the subject. In practically one hundred percent of instances, the essence of the experience is easement, alleviation, release, and refreshment. There actually is no such thing as a "painful death." The pain customarily associated with death, is pain suffered by the body before death takes place. On the other hand, thousands of persons have suffered similarly without death's taking place. The moment that death occurs, the pain is gone! Moreover, it does not immediately occur to the mind of the person involved, that the change has been experienced.

In the ordinary death, not caused by

tragic physical mangling, there seems to be no more reaction upon the consciousness than is entailed by the nightly process of falling asleep.

No, it is the atrocious fear of what is going to happen to the soul itself, according as orthodox conjectures on the subject have been drilled into the mind, that makes the prospect of death so appalling to the average individual. That, and the vast spiritual lamentation that the transition back into the more tenuous octaves is at hand without a fulfilling of all the errands to itself and to others for which the soul made the incursion into mundanity in the beginning. People fear to die, as a general thing, because the sacred superstitions of an archaic theology have terrorized them, or they realize that they have by no means completed the business for which they incarnated, in a manner that satisfies them by the time death confronts them.

The first is the same sort of consternation that we may have felt as children, when we had accidentally broken the window of the chicken-house during the afternoon and suspected that painful penalties were going to be visited upon us when we 'fessed up to irate parents in the evening.

The second is insufferable chagrin over wasted, or misspent, energy. It is a phase of the same exasperation that we feel when we travel a hundred miles to confer with a man upon a business deal which we expect is going to profit us handsomely, only to discover that he left for Europe the previous day and we have made the journey for nothing.

No one, it seems, is ever quite satisfied with the results obtained from an incarnation that is closing. The last thought running through the mind is: "How much better I might have done!" or, "How much more brilliantly I might still succeed, if the incarnation could be prevented from closing right here!"

The person who thinks this last, however, is forgetting that he is reaching such conclusion and feeling such as-

piration because he is employing many of the improvements and enlargements of his consciousness that actually are his because the life span has been lived. To be able to feel regret, that the span is closing, is truly a sort of proof that it has not been without its profit.

Ten to one, however, after the transition has been completed, and the person has the chance to begin a dispassionate examination of all that his late incarnation has given him, all such regret passes. "I actually did profit far more than I could possibly realize while I was encased in my body," he concludes.





BUT that sort of appreciation does not come to the spirit immediately. Days, weeks, months, and sometimes years of earthly time are consumed, while the explicit compensations from an incarnation are becoming apparent. The first big sensation that the discarnate soul experiences, is the recognition that the so-called Hereafter is by no means the plight that woeful orthodoxy has described. Information tallied from a thousand discarnate sources and psychically recorded—as well as the testimonies given by persons "called back from the dead" in the instances set forth—indicates that the immediate reactions from making the change are those not uncommon to the Flying Dream enjoyed by millions of persons nightly. Realized with a perturbing vagueness at first, it gradually comes to the "deceased" person that from such "dream" he cannot awaken. His condition is real! He actually is in some sort of encasement that is capable of "flying." It is not physical flight, of course. It is locomotion of his electrical pattern body by the propellation of Thought. But it feels like flying—and flying in a world that bears all the familiar characteristics of the world which he knew in the bodily flesh. Surprise and delight are multiplied when the further discovery is ap-

parent that his consciousness is contained in an encasement that bears a strange resemblance to the body he has recognized as his on earth. Only it is softer, lighter, more elastic, and capable of immediate response to the directions of his mind.

If the person has "gone out" in reasonable possession of his customary faculties, he may be able to take note of the scenes occurring in the physical dimension. He will be aware of his "survivors" gathered, perhaps, 'round the encasement from which his astral pattern or "electrical architect" has just come forth. Most persons who have described the sensations of their passing, declare that they have been torn between protest at the grief which their survivors are feeling at their "loss," and a poignant affection for the familiar physical encasement which they recognize has served them so long and faithfully. If there is any real wrench at "death," it comes from this regret at having to bid adieu to a mechanism that over long years has been so intimately associated with all their worldly acts.



WHAT happens to them subsequently, of course lies outside the strict business of "dying." The change in itself is an agreeable release from the carrying of a weight. If, on the other hand, a person has not gone out in full possession of his faculties, or has been steadfastly convinced throughout his earthly tenure that "death ends everything," he will peculiarly find himself in an area of what is known as "darkness"—a state, by the way, that is strictly mental. More of this presently.

Dying, in short, is a departure of the Electrical Architect from the physical atoms making up the body. Suppose we consider what Science itself has found out about this Electrical Architect, before considering what death offers as an altered mental status  



What People Don't Consider about Heaven or Hell



THE ENIGMA of Death, insofar as it concerns the average human spirit, is not provided by scientific aspects of the Light-Body or Electrical Architect, or even by the distresses of departing earthly relatives and worldly associations. People are interested in them, perhaps, as interpretative side lights on the most vital of all human experiences, but the one overshadowing concernment in the episode of Transition is: What happens to the conscious Me when the incident of physical decease is behind me?

This overshadowing concernment breaks down into a score of contributing inquiries; such as: Shall I meet reward for my good deeds or punishment for my bad? or, Shall I have a body in the future state or shall I not have a body? or, Will I be rejoined to people whom I have loved, who have made the transition before me, or am I to find myself among strangers—granted that I find myself among beings similarly conscious to myself at all?

The orthodox forecast of experience for the human soul has it that on leaving the body there is to come the episode of being "judged" before one's Maker, and its future designation fixed. In other words—not to put it sacrilegiously—the individual is going to be precipitated into a situation where he is coming face to face with a literal God.

¶ This literal God, sitting as magistrate on some sort of bench, is to look over the newly discarnate spirit, consider its record of good deeds or bad deeds while in the body, weigh one set of deeds against the other set of deeds, and if the good outweigh the bad, or if the spirit shows itself sufficiently contrite for its preponderance of bad deeds or implores "forgiveness," award a ticket that admits it to "realms of eternal bliss."

¶ If, on the other hand, the preponderance of deeds be very bad indeed, the acceptance is that it will be forthwith consigned to "outer darkness," peopled by the devil and all his angels, where fiends will proceed to torture it throughout eternal time.



SUCH is the general hypothesis of the so-called Christian theology. Within this theology there are a hundred sects, creeds, denominations, and divisions. Each tackles some particular angle of the hypothesis, or expounds some phase of it, or differs in some minor respect as to what the literal application of these fundamentals is to be. But one and all convey this ultimatum to the spirit-soul—

You are going to quit your physical encasement for a life that shall endure throughout eternity. If you have been "good," during this sojourn in flesh, your experiences throughout the here-

after are going to be pleasant. If you have been "bad," you are to pay through the nose. The fiends are going to get you, and their roasting of you is going to be a merry one. Your Creator won't have anything more to do with you, and your future is due to be of perpetual terror and torment.

Tell the average Fundamentalist that his belief isn't Christian in the slightest, but Paulist Trinitarianism based upon pagan Zoroastrianism, and he will want to rise up and see you burned at the stake for your heresy.

None of it alters the fact that such concept of Christianity came from the old Persian belief that spiritual life was dominated by the two principles, Good and Bad, Light and Darkness, one domain of spirits presided over by God, the other presided over by the Devil. Good people nominated themselves for a future existence with God. Bad people nominated themselves for a future existence with the Devil. Such division was simple, easy of comprehension, and would seem to have a basis in logic. ¶ Documenting the two Principles, there has been compiled a sort of Christian Talmud, made up of the writings of the clergy upon the subject across hundreds—and even thousands—of years. Tradition, and repetition of conjectures, have worked the labor of getting human beings to accept the hypothesis as truth, merely because it has been a long time operating in the annals of human thought.

Now comes the rationalist and wants to have some sensible questions answered. ✻ ✻



THE FIRST question the rationalist wants answered, is: What qualifies either Good or Bad, in the sense of thoughts or acts that determine the state of morality or non-morality, designating the future status of the soul, since the "sinful" practices of one generation may not be so regarded by the next,

and what is named as heresy in one era may become the doctrine of the era following? ✻ ✻

The second question that the rationalist asks, is: If I am going to be rewarded for my good deeds, by being delivered into heaven, or punished for my bad deeds by a consigning into hell, then I must have some sort of vehicle—call it a body for practical purposes—in which to reside as a spirit, that these compensations may be visited upon me. If this be logical, then where does this body come from, or when do I acquire it? If I am going to ascend into heaven and play upon a harp throughout all future ages, or if I am going to be tossed to the demons for as long as I possess any vestige of consciousness, then I must have some sort of physical encasement to suffer these experiencings. The two futures that I am to confront, when the period of my judging is passed, are, by their effects upon me as promised, more or less materialistic conditions. Pearly gates and jasmine streets certainly are materialistic conditions. So are fiery vats in which the damned are roasted by the pitchforks of demons. Yet no one in all this theological business seems to have troubled his head on the very vital and essential little point of clothing me with a materialistic housing that permits my spirit to enjoy the blissful conditions, or endure as I can the "torment." The theologians have a lot to say about putting on immortality, but how do I put it on, and why should I put it on if I'm a recalcitrant spirit, merely to receive an eternal sentence to a furnace-pit? Last, but far from least, how does it happen that when people get out of their bodies during hospital operations, or after scimmages on battlefields, or after drownings or swallowings of cyanide, they never once report on any indications of a courtroom scene, or being "judged," or being promoted to heaven or degraded to hell.

One and all relate the same story: "My spirit-consciousness vacated my physical body and operated by itself in a sort of

electrical pattern. I seemed to remain in much the same environment I had always known in physical flesh, only my former acquaintances couldn't touch me or hear me, and when I wanted to travel from place to place I didn't expend a lot of muscular energy through my legs." ✿ ✿

Ten thousand people vacate their bodies and substantiate the latter report, whereas theology propounds a wholly different version of what happens but not a soul can be located anywhere who discovers it to be correct by actual experiences. ✿ ✿



NOW let us consider the possibilities in a literal Heaven and Hell. The soul, says Fundamentalism, quits its encasement of flesh, and goes forthwith to be judged. Some denominations hold that this judgment takes place at once, some maintain that it doesn't occur for years or ages—till Gabriel sounds the trump of doom, the graves of the earth give up their dead, and all come forth to receive reward or punishment. In the last instance, the time of the interim is spent in a place called Paradise by some, and by others, Purgatory. Paradise is a Persian term, taken from Zoroastrianism, and is supposed to designate a place of delight and happiness. Nevertheless, when the Judgment Day comes, even the people in Paradise are going to be called forth to have sentences passed upon them, and the bad folks must get out of that realm of delight and happiness, and give themselves over to the caprices of the demons. ✿ ✿

But let us take literally the contention that the soul at physical decease goes directly to "face its Maker." Every good Fundamentalist is certain that God is going to judge his case individually. Certainly it wouldn't be divine justice if it were not exercised individually. So consider the life insurance statistics of the numbers of people who

are "going over" every twenty-four hours of every day, and multiply it by every day in the year, for every year that has passed since human beings first heard about the whole of it.

Question: When would a literal God find time to do all this judging, and how would He be able to employ His celestial mind or talents at doing anything else? ✿ ✿

God—thanks to explicit theology—has condemned Himself to the endless role of celestial magistrate, day in and day out, year in and year out, through all the decades or centuries that human life goes or comes on earth. He may take no vacations. He may not delegate this judicial function to subordinates. He is stuck with the eternal tedium of separating the human sheep from the human goats, without surcease, so long as there is birth and marriage and sudden death—or any death whatever.

Does it seem to make sense, or does it not? ✿ ✿



WHEN consider another absurdity in the orthodox concept of Heaven and Hell. Man is informed that some sort of "judgment" follows the spirit's vacancy of the body. That implies that immediately the spirit quits the body, it is automatically under celestial arrest. Only prisoners are "judged." Free people are never judged, or if they are, the judgments mean little.

True, we may judge this person or that person for their acts toward their relatives or neighbors, and say that Jones is a good man and Smith a holy terror. But what it really boils down to, is, a mere expression of our personal opinions. Jones may say "Thank you!" for holding so approbatory an attitude regarding him, while Smith may say: "You, and all critics like you, can jump in the nearest lake!" Unless we are empowered in some way to seize hold of Smith and bash him or jail him, he can continue his type of existence and

our condemnations not affect him one way or the other.

No, to judge a man so that it means anything, we must have him at such a physical disadvantage, or under such form of restraint, that we can physically or mentally punish him or reward him. And that goes as well for the theological judgment after death.

What the parsons are telling us, without stopping to think much about it, is that souls on quitting the body pass automatically under arrest. Saying solemnly that they are conducted to a courtroom, divine or otherwise, means that somebody has them in custody.

¶ The rationalist comes along with his tongue in his cheek, and asks: "Just how does anyone take a spirit into custody?" In other words, having quit the body and attained to the spiritual form, on what exhibits of post-mortem anatomy do the celestial guardians of the judgment fasten the cosmic handcuffs? *✿ ✿*

Can it be argued that such souls, automatically arrested at physical death, go along into the divine courtroom voluntarily? If one or two of 'em here and there should elect to bolt, where would they run, and what does the divine sheriff grab when he succeeds in overtaking them?



SUPPOSE, however, that the said spirits are scared along in herds to the Judgment Hall, and meet God sitting eternally day and night, to designate

which shall go to Heaven and which to Hell. Laying aside the question of who represents the defendant at the bar, how much time is allowed for presentation of the evidence in the cases of both defendant and prosecution, and how the culprits are made to abide by the verdicts rendered, consider as well the fate of the "good" soul that has qualified to escape hell and go on upward into realms of eternal bliss. As yet no

stipulation is made about the bodies required, in order to take advantage of the delights and entertainments of the orthodox Hereafter.

A great deal is said while on earth about receiving a "robe and a crown," and about receiving a "harp" on which to praise the Lord God forever. But no provision seems to have been made for a body to don the robe, or a head upon the body to wear the crown, or hands in which to hold the harp. Particularly is nothing said about learning to play the said Irish instrument.

All souls, on successfully passing the divine judgment on their goodness or badness, would seem by the implications of orthodoxy to become expert harpists at once. At least we are told nothing about harpist schools for the new arrivals, where they are taken in and rendered into efficient musicians.

¶ Granted, however, that there are such classes, and that there are as many entrants as there are new people dying daily, and getting into realms of bliss—and eternal harp music—has anyone ever stopped to consider how big the said orchestra becomes before eternity is run, who leads it so that the harps shall twang in unison and not sound like several million tom cats wailing off-key on the back fence at once, and what else there may be to heaven besides this perpetually-expanding musical exhibition? *✿ ✿*

Orthodox acceptances have it that each soul is created by a mortal man and woman having a child, that grows to maturity and eventually dies, shuffling off its physical husk and entering into heaven in spiritual form. As each passes muster, and is presented with his musical instrument, would it not mean another harpist for the chorus, till the entire spiritual universe is turned into a colossal orchestra of Celtic stringed instruments? *✿ ✿*

What an absurdity! Such a prospect would bore the sensible person to distraction after the third week.



CONVINCE a Fundamentalist and get him to clarify his ideas upon such matters, and gradually you discover him moving further and further away from orthodox concepts, and approaching the descriptions of Spiritist Transcendentalism. He concedes that people in heaven must do quite a lot of other things besides swelling one divine orchestra to stupendous proportions. Get him to specify what those employments might be, and before he's finished, he will be describing all of the normal activities of the fourth dimensional world that now is being explored through the instrumentalities of psychics.

However, he will insist that the very wicked people do go to Hell, and that they undoubtedly fry forever on the Bessemer hearths of Avernus.

Ask him how they can do so without their corporeal selves' becoming consumed, and he will shrug his shoulders—or threaten to report you to the nearest Board of Deacons—and declare that in some way or another, the Almighty manages it.

"But," you protest, "how can the Almighty have the slightest possible thing to do with such Hell? Unless the Almighty is some sort of silent partner in the conduct or maintenance of Hell—in which case He ought to be considered as quite on a par with the Devil—how can He arrange for whatever goes on there, even to the point of seeing to it that souls are equipped with a mechanism that feels torture but can't escape it?"

The Fundamentalist doesn't know, but that's what he's been told, and he's not going to run the risk of landing in the predicament himself by doubting it. All of it contradicts reason, physics, morality and natural law, from beginning to end, but that doesn't matter.

You are a very bad person for even calling such absurdities to his attention.

What really is happening is, that the Fundamentalist is simply playing safe!



THESE are by no means facetious observations. Millions of persons are living their lives with the thought of death and its aftermath kept deliberately out of mind the year around because of the confused and well-nigh imbecile notions that have been bequeathed to them by tradition derived from pure paganism. Subconsciously they recognize that the state promised them after death by orthodoxy is by no means as desirable as the clergy would make out. They do not stop to analyze the improbabilities of the future state as described by theology, and having neither the means nor the inclination to investigate more rational aspects of life after physical decease, they attempt to ignore the certainty of what is in store for them.

They ignore it, that is, consciously. But subconsciously it crops out—in a thousand exhibits of fear, religious fanaticism, or even the defense-mechanism of atheism. ✿ ✿

They think they are subscribing to the Christian religion, because such are the descriptions of life after death offered by the theology that terms itself Christian. ✿ ✿

And yet the utter falsity of it demonstrates when the exigencies of life confront them with menacings of sudden death. The future life according to orthodoxy is anything but what they want spiritually, and holds little or nothing which they are eager to enter upon in order to enjoy its benefits.

If people 'used their heads' in considering the possibilities—or probabilities—of Heaven or Hell, they would stop upholding the forecasts of paganism and do some really profitable investigating in the field of logical and provable metaphysics. Whereupon metaphysics, or correct Christian Mysticism, will supply them with explanations of the After-Life that feed their famished spirits.

What truly happens after death is profitable. Superstition cheats the soul!



Science Discovers the Soul's Light-Body



IN Washington, D. C., back in April of this year, Professor H. S. Burr, in collaboration with Dr. F. S. C. Northrop, read a paper before the National Academy of Sciences, in which he advanced the following findings:

Evidence exists in the bodies of living things that there is an "electrical architect" that moulds and fashions the individual after a specific predetermined pattern, and remains within the body from the pre-embryonic state until the moment of corporeal death.

The "electrical architect" was characterized by Professor Burr as the "real I" of the individual.

"All else in the body undergoes constant change," Professor Burr declared. "The myriads of individual cells of which the body is made, except the brain cells, grow old and die, to be replaced by other cells, but the electrical architect remains, the only 'constant' throughout life. It builds the new cells and organizes them throughout life, after the same pattern of the original cells, and thus, in a literal sense, constantly recreates the body.

"Only when the individual dies, does the architect also go out of physical existence," reported Professor Burr. "In a sense, it might be said that the reverse is true: death comes to an individual after the electrical architect within him has ceased to function, or

departs, either because of disease or a gradual slowing down of activities to the zero point in extreme old age."

This electrical architect, commonly termed by metaphysicians of every age the Light-Body and only now becoming recognized and acknowledged by men of science, promises a new approach to an understanding of the nature of life and the living processes.

It indicates that each living organism possesses an electro-dynamic field, just as a magnet diffuses all around it a magnetic field of force.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the characteristic patterns formed by a magnet set amidst iron filings. Such patterns, always the same, are formed by the magnetic lines of force emanating from the poles of the magnet, causing nearly parallel lines at each pole and concentric semi-circles around the sides. ✻ ✻

Similarly, the experimental evidence shows, according to Professor Burr, that each species of animal and very likely also the individuals within the species, have their characteristic electric fields, analogous to the lines of force of the magnet. ✻ ✻

This electrical field, having its own pattern, fashions all the protoplasmic clay of life that comes within its sphere of influence, after its image, thus personifying itself in the living flesh as the sculptor personifies his idea in stone.

The image, of course, is the spirit-soul!



It is altogether probable that what these scientists are recognizing and labeling by the term Electrical Architect, is either discarnate consciousness of the individual exercising upon materials, or is the characteristic material pattern which the spirit-soul employs when it feels clothed with a sort of body graduated from the physical.

Death is merely the pulling out, of this electrical architect, or spirit-soul pattern, from the corporeal ingredients. But the field of force, being acknowledged as intelligent, must still have some sort of design, or at least manifest—to itself if not to others—in some kind of higher frequency of vibration-created materials. The fact, however, that scientists are coming to admit the existence of this "architect" at all, indicates a vast forward stride in metaphysical acceptances, and does much to simplify the mystery called "death."

These people, whether dead by asphyxiations from cyanide, or from drownings, or passing out while under ether in hospital operations, merely remove the field of force from the body's atoms, and the atoms themselves begin, almost at once, to drop apart. Summoned back to the aggregation of atoms by galvanism induced by injections of Methylene Blue or by the various artificial respirations, the field of electrical force that is the discarnate expression of Consciousness, merely recaptures the pattern of the body's chemicals, and we commonly say that the subject has been "returned from the dead."

Strictly speaking, however, there can be no such thing as a "return" from the dead, because a thousand attestments from post-mortem consciousness have it that no "death" is actually suffered.

¶ The thing that happens is a form of bodily vacating.

The Light-Pattern is withdrawn, and it is in that Light-Pattern that Consciousness resides, because the Light-Pattern, or Light-Body, is its eternal vehicle.



THE Electrical Architect has been strikingly revealed in a series of experiments on salamanders, mice, guinea pigs, and even human beings, conducted by Dr. Burr and his associates at Yale University over the past four years.

With highly sensitive, specially designed electrical instruments, described as vacuum-tube microvoltmeters, which measure very minute changes in electrical potential, the Yale scientists have succeeded in revealing the Master Architect at work, and even to catch the first outlines of his configuration in space, showing him to be in absolute control of the organism as a whole and of its parts, and at all times correlating the workings of the parts with the whole. ¶





WHILE the architect remains constant through life in his general outlines, he nevertheless adapts himself to changed conditions in the body. This is manifested by an ability to send out danger signals when any harmful change has taken place in the organism, and this characteristic has already been employed to test animals and human beings for certain changes in bodily states and promises to become an important new weapon in the medical armamentarium. ¶

The electrical architect has been found not only to send out danger signals in case of disease, but also to reveal normal activities in the body, normally difficult to detect. ¶


In the growing embryo, Dr. Burr reported, the electrical pattern develops hand in hand with the development of the whole organism. A definite cycle of electrical phenomena correlates with the menstrual cycle in women. Under proper conditions it has been possible to record electrically the exact instant of ovulation in women, rabbits and cats.

¶ The time of ovulation is the only time

when the ovum (egg) of the females of all species can be fertilized. At all other times the female is sterile. This new method for determining the time of ovulation is the first that makes it possible to tell when a woman is fertile and when she is not. The method, therefore, promises to be an important aid against sterility and also an accurate method for birth control.


So closely does the electrical life-pattern correlate all the activities of the organism as a whole, that a change in any part, either through normal or abnormal causes, manifests itself as a change in potential in other parts. By measuring the change of electrical potential in the index fingers between the two hands, ovulation, and similar other physiological activities in the organism, could be easily detected, Dr. Burr reported.  



ONE of the most striking results so far to be revealed by the study of the electrical life-pattern is the danger signals, in the form of a great rise in the electrical potential sent out by the electrical architect from the bodies of mice bearing cancer, the signals announcing the existence of the cancer two to three weeks before the new growth could be detected by palpation.  Should these results on the early detection of cancer in mice be found to be similar in the case of human beings, one of the greatest discoveries in medicine will have been made. Cancer, in its earliest stages, is a curable disease, so that a simple diagnostic test that determines cancer, internal as well as external, in its early stages, would, to all intents and purposes, be tantamount to a cure of that scourge, the second greatest natural killer of mankind.

Dr. Burr refrained from making any predictions, emphasizing that much more work would have to be done before it could be determined that what is true of mice is also true of men.



"During an extensive study of the bioelectric correlates of cancer in mice," Dr. Burr stated, "it was noted that in young mice a marked rise in voltage gradients across the chest occurred from two to three weeks before the new growth could be deducted by palpitation.

 "This disease was independent of the locus of the new growth in the organism. Apparently, rapidly growing masses of cells, too small for direct observation, produce local bioelectric changes in the organism which affect the electrical-field properties of the whole system in such a manner as to make it possible to record the changed voltage gradients across the chest.

"The results of many hundreds of thousands of determinations indicate that relatively steady state voltage differences are an expression in quantitative terms of one form of the relationships which exist between the units of the organism. This suggests that the simplest assumption with which to explain all the evidence so far gathered is that of the existence in the living organism of an electro-dynamic field."

"This electro-dynamic field," Mr. Burr added in an interview, "was the architect of the organism, the true I."



AT the end of his report Professor Burr dramatically flashed on the screen a motion picture of the electrical architect at work, with the architect himself making his appearance on the screen in the form of a graph drawn on paper by the electrical forces generated by him.  

Dr. Burr placed a salamander embryo on a glass turntable and caused it to revolve. The turntable was attached to the vacuum-tube microvoltmeter and this in turn was hooked up to a recording apparatus, similar to an electrocardiograph, which draws a line on paper in accordance with fluctuations in electric current.

The motion picture dramatically showed

that there was a voltage gradient between the head and the tail of the salamander embryo, the recording apparatus registering the gradient in the form of a characteristic irregular line.

An ordinary piece of glass placed on the turntable produced only a straight line, whereas an electric potential gradient produced by a nonliving metal in solution yielded a graph similar to that produced by the body of the salamander.

"There are two major classical theories of modern science; particle physics and field physics," Professor Burr explained. "Particle physics directs attention to the constitution particles, whereas field physics centers theory and experimentation upon the medium in which the system as a whole is imbedded and upon its structure.

"Since the fundamental problem of biology is organization, it would appear that field physics is the more appropriate for its investigation.

"It was considerations similar to these, together with certain facts in experimental embryology, which caused the writers in 1935 to propose the 'electro-dynamic theory of life.' It was this theory, in turn, which guided Burr, C. T. Iane and L. F. Nims of Yale University to the construction of the vacuum-tube microvoltmeter and which suggested the experimental investigations and finding reported here today.



STUDIES of the past five years have shown that in many vertebrates, as well as in plants and invertebrates, there is a relatively steady state of voltage

difference between any two points. These gradients are remarkably stable, are of considerable magnitude and are changed only by alterations in the fundamental biology of the organisms.

¶ "Moreover, in all the forms studied, the gradients are not chaotic, but exist in a well-defined pattern which is characteristic of the species to which the animal belongs and is, to some extent,

characteristic of the individual. In general, it may be said that growth and development, local injuries, the menstrual cycle and ovulation in the female, and the incidents of cancer, profoundly affect voltage differences in what seem to be a unique manner.

"Interesting as the above observations may be, it is more important to determine if the experimentally measured patterns of voltage differences determines in any fundamental sense the organization of the system. In this connection the physical chemist, T. Teorel, has made an important observation. He has shown that a physical system undergoing chemical reactions produces active ions which pass through a membrane with different mobilities. This results in an electric field whose forces determine the distribution and motion of all the passive ions in the system.

"Thus, his theory, derived from Ostwald, Nernst and Planck, provides means both for the determination of ions and the determination of the position and motion of the passive ions by the electric field.



"This, it is to be noticed, is a special case that is in accord with the fundamental thesis of the electro-dynamic theory of life. It was said that 'the pattern or organization of any biological system is established by a complex electro-dynamic field, which is in part determined by its atomic physio-chemical components and which in part determines the behavior and orientation of those components.'

"It is not surprising, therefore, that voltage gradients between the head and tail of salamander and chick embryos can be determined with considerable certainty, not only when contact is made directly with the surface of the organism, but when electrodes are from one and a half to two millimeters away from the embryo surface.

"In the course of many hundreds of thousands of determinations of voltage differences in women, it has been shown that a very definite bioelectric correlate

of the menstrual cycle exists. It may be said with a fair degree of assurance that usually once, but sometimes twice, in the menstrual cycle there is a sharp rise in voltage difference which lasts for approximately twenty-four hours.

"Furthermore, it can be shown that this rise is in all probability associated with ovulation. The findings make it reasonably certain that these bioelectric correlates of ovulation may occur at any time in the cycle. Hence, it may be said that it is impossible to predict the time or ovulation. All that can be done is to record the time when it does occur.

¶ "These determinations have been made between the right and the left index fingers. They, therefore, reflect changes in physiological activity which are concentrated in the main in the generative tract. However, these changes are so profound as to produce undoubted alterations in the field of the whole organism."  



SO MUCH for the expositions of the learned doctors or Science for something that students of the Liberation Scripts, and the Valiant Doctrine, have had told them ever since the start of the instruction. What investigators like Professors Burr and Northrup truly are telling us in eleven pound words is: that there is a Light-Body inside the common physical body, that gives the latter its pattern and renewal. Calling it the Electrical Architect does not alter its nature or its function. We know that the incarnated consciousness resides in it, or exercises through it and because of it, and that substance molecules and atoms obey its dictates, first originated by the spirit-soul, or the mind of the conscious humanized ego. What the professors have yet to grasp is: that the sense of self-awareness continues to operate in this Electrical Architect, and travels on with it into finer and finer manifestations of substance in matter, furnishing the "after-life" phenomenon that theo-

logians have always been positive was their sphere of jurisdiction exclusively. The time is now at hand when the findings of metaphysics, psychics, and so-called "mysticism," will be shown to have the soundest basis in cold, hard, provable facts—measurable by modern laboratory instruments. But the "findings" of theology based on Egyptian and Hebraic paganism will continue to be sanctified conjecturings, proposed not to be analyzed but only to be believed. The circumstance that they may be hallowed by tradition only makes the disillusion of the human race, and its obvious religious hoaxing, the more insufferable when they come.



THE NEXT stupendous finding that the scientists are going to make in their laboratories is: that the phenomenon known as Consciousness does not perish with the departure of the Electrical Architect, but travels along with it into other dimensions in Matter, and retains its memory and individuality. In that day and moment, Religion based on conjecture and traditional superstition must accept its death-blow. When the scientists' laboratories prove the pulpits of the world to be propagating the most outlandish Error, a wholly new day for the human race is at hand. Already the scientists have shown that each and every living soul has its own particular "rate of vibration" by pairs—translated metaphysically into the male and female halves of the same spirit. So let the good work continue! The metaphysician knows that he has nothing to fear from the findings or discoveries of Science. The latter only confirm what he has been striving to make the orthodox human race believe for generations. Scientific men like Professors Burr and Northrup are really metaphysicians of the highest rank, though they themselves might not grasp how much so. What will they prove next?



What People Want to Know about the Change of Death



WHAT is it that people want to know most commonly about Death?

In nine cases out of ten they want to know into what mental or physical condition it bears them. The average person accepts readily enough the fact of survival. It is only the spiritual eccentric who is positive that "death ends all," and such a person, truth to tell, is only striving to hide from himself truths that he lacks the courage to treat with. ¶ The average person wants to know what his sensations and conditionings will be when he actually awakens "on the other side."

Well, in the first place, there is no "other side."

There is only "this" side, in a manner of speaking—or the side that he knows best and is fullest acquainted with, raised, as it were, into transports of materialistic finesse and elegance.

This happens to be one of the greatest mysteries calling for elucidation to persons while in flesh.

People imagine that with Death they are "going somewhere," and in a certain sense of mental reactions and repercussions, perhaps the term is permissible. But they are not going anywhere in the sense of distance or destination. ✿ ✿

What they are truly going to do is alter their condition, or their qualities or attributes of mental perception, so that

they behold this present universe of cause and effect in infinitely finer and more tenuous aspects.

They are going to see things about this universe that they never saw before, and therefore never suspected as existing. There are going to be so many of these altered aspects, and they are going to present themselves in such multiple varieties and shades and degrees of meaning, as to make it appear to the spirit-souls that they actually have entered into a different and distinctive universe. ✿ ✿



THE FIRST sensation, as stated in an earlier article in this issue, that a person receives or is aware of, in making the "passing," is one of astonishment at the altered feeling of his weight. His own buoyancy, so to speak, will appall him. He will want to speak to someone about it, or discuss it with anyone who can tell him what has happened. ¶ Ten to one he will walk up to the nearest person and address him—only to meet with another enigma, that the person he is addressing doesn't seem to notice him and doesn't answer back. He will probably discover that mirrors give back no reflection of him, in the sense that they reflect three-dimensional objects directly in front of them. Yet he will know that he has a body of a sort, for he can feel himself within it.

Puzzled and no little perturbed by his feeling of buoyancy and wondrous relief from heavy muscular exertion to get about, the person who has departed from his earthly sheathing will next make the discovery that he can move through walls, or solid substances.

At least these do not maintain as barriers to his progress, in whatsoever direction he may wish to go.

Walls, substances, various materials that would formerly have obstructed his three-dimensional body, suddenly present what can best be described as a fragrancy or "order of feeling," if the term gets across an idea to the mind.



N odor or fragrancy of feeling—that is, reactive sensation—indicates a vibration within a given field. The newly transmuted person begins to note these "fragrant vibrations," these aerial delights, and to marvel at them—until it gradually dawns upon him that he is "seeing the insides of materials," or materials in their motivating aspects. ¶ In other words, he is beginning to become conscious of the atomic structure of materials and substances.

This atomic structure will at first puzzle him, and perhaps affright him—for a time! But in the end, and as he gets used to it, he will begin to perceive that they are produced by the same etheric substance as his Thought—as everybody's Thought.

Indeed, for a time in his new state, he may seriously mix up the nature of the propellation of materials with the manifestation of thought which will from time to time crowd around him and cause him no end of concernment.

What are people thinking about? It will come to him, not in terms of speech so much as in Thought Pictures produced in ether that are not unlike the production of all materials producing the substance-world which man in his incarnate state imagines to be so painfully opaque.

Probably the next thing which the newly graduated soul will begin to reflect upon, will be the decidedly altered nature or basic composition of Light—all light. He will cease thinking or observing light as illumination and come to think of it, or discern it, as motion—movement—fine soul-stuffs of the universe in tremendous rolls of energy in process of transportation, or rather, being conveyed from a source of power to the scene of receipt of such power. ✿ ✿

"Great heavens!" he may exclaim. "The whole universe is literally made of light—in all degrees of density and illumination! Even inanimate things are composed of light, or else light is made of the same material as dynamic energy. Which is which, and what am I looking at, when I see it?"

Light-Shapes, and Light-Manifestations will take curious patterns and degrees of opalescence. He will, as it were, begin to sense events in the making, or events in their original design-processes, to be presently hurled into the three dimensional world in forms and terms of opaque substances, or recorded transactions of those substances, as they act and react upon one another.

Gradually the newly discarnate spirit will lose himself in imageries of similar nature which he can project, and does project, himself—just as though, by the powers of his brain-mind, he were the Creator in miniature degree.

These formations will so obsess him that he will begin to forget, or ignore, the type of world which he has left.

Probably not until he has gratified himself with all the various formations and types of patternings that he can fashion, will he begin gradually to return his thoughts to the world that he has lately quitted, and what may be happening to it since his late departure.

He will be tremendously impressed, of course, by the effects of his altered status on those he loves, and those who love him doubly dear, now that he has changed his causal aspects and can no

longer be perceived by their normal bodily senses. But it will only grieve him temporarily, because slowly it will dawn on him that those he has quitted, in the opaque and substantial aspects, are moving and living in a sort of blinding, hypnotizing fog. . . .

Things are not real to them—the graduated soul will decide—only as people make them real by their own blind acceptance that the universe is what they perceive it in their limitations.

The graduated soul will see that it is by no means opaque, by no means substantial, and certainly not permanent. ¶ He can observe the changes going on, right before his gaze.



NEXT our discarnate friend will be amazed at the altered aspects of the people moving about him, and coming and going at will, through or despite so-called solid materials. He will already have discovered how his field-of-force body can penetrate or pass through these manifestations of Light-Energy without particular hurt to his thinking powers. He will marvel at the ease with which they accept all that is now about them, and about him, and come and go with an ease and grace that was not permissible so long as physical muscles and biceps had to overcome all natural gravitation-pullings.

"They truly are moving by the powers of thought," he will exclaim to himself, "and because they will" this or that. Only what vast numbers of them there are, compared with those who still persist in the opaque, sordid, concrete state that of course must be physicality! Where have they all come from, or where are they going, or what is the nature of their employments?"

And he will begin to move about, to quit the confines of familiar but differently aspecting premises. And he will begin to note the universe for the marvelously synchronized mechanism that it demonstrates itself to be on ev-

ery side. Everything is Light or an aspect of Light in some phase of manifesting! He will come to acquire a wholesome respect for the power and importance of Light, whereas formerly it meant but incandescence to illuminate his eyesight in darkness.

Now Light will be the formulating basis for all that is, excepting the volatile miracle of Thought, a motivation of dynamic spirit.

He will marvel at the quantity of it, but no longer will he marvel where it comes from. For it will be apparent to him that Light doesn't "come" from anywhere. Light "is" and doesn't have to be traced to any particular source. It may be weeks, months, and perchance years—as worldly time is figured by revolutions of the planet, or its journey about the sun—before he will feel any manifesting desire to explore his former haunts in opaque materiality or resume any sort of contact with those in the moribund condition of physicality. ✻ ✻



PEOPLE on the "earth side" or three-dimensional encasement in materials, hold the egocentric idea that those who have made the Transition should immediately manifest themselves—if they can do so—and give evidence to those in flesh that their conscious individualities have survived and are just as much interested in fortunes of earth and relatives left behind, as they were before passing through the discarnating experience. ✻ ✻

But the facts of the case would seem to be that people who have found themselves discarnate and subject to the altered conditions of environment and different perceivings of the ingredients making up the natural world, are bound to be far more interested in their new conditionings than in the old materialistic conditionings from which they have so recently graduated.

It is not unlike people's traveling to a foreign land—Japan or Switzerland, for example. The new sights and scenes engross their attention, and it is not until these have begun to pall, and a sense of homesickness sets in, that they begin to think of the friends or relatives left at home, and the latter begin receiving correspondence or telegrams from them.

People who have made the graduation, must be permitted time to orient themselves to their new conditions, their new surroundings, their new acquaintances, and their altered mode of doing and perceiving, before they can be expected to think themselves back into an earth condition in terms of any sort of communication with those encased in atoms of opaque substance.



THESE observations are more or less general, of course, and uniformly apply to the spirit-soul who "goes out" in a mental state of reasonable enlightenment and lack of corroding or paralyzing fear. For the latter—and particularly those who are so inhibited spiritually as to assume in the flesh state that "death ends everything," there is a long period of darkness, shading off into gray, before the aspects of things astral, or electrical, begin to become clear to them, or be recognized by them, and they gradually emerge into an illumination of understanding.

It is the period known throughout all forms and aspects of Cosmos as "coming through the Dark."

People who enter the next octave of consciousness with a fairly good working knowledge of what the true astral—and then spiritual—conditions are, which they are going to encounter, and do it as eagerly and interestedly as they would observe the features of a new country in which they have arrived, are frequently appalled to realize that the shift has been accomplished without

enough shock to inform them that it has taken place. This is particularly true if they may have "died in sleep."

¶ So, to sum up for the moment, if some morning you arise as usual, and start downstairs to breakfast with a feeling of unaccountable buoyancy, and upon encountering relatives or house guests you find that they do not notice you, you had better go back upstairs as quickly as possible and take a second glance at what you may have left on the bed. ✿ ✿

If it bears a shocking resemblance to yourself, make up your mind that you have actually passed the Portals, and are in the Next World.

Better take it for granted and begin looking about you with interest.

Speaking from the earthly standpoint, you will be DEAD!

And that's all there will be to death, and you will be flabbergasted that people in their bodies make such a ghastly pother about it!



HERE you go from there, and what you do next—meaning what explorations you make in the next higher octaves of Spirit, and how you contrive to make them—are subjects beyond the common analysis of Death itself. They pertain to the whole program of Spirit in its consummate after-life condition. The prospect of dying, considered personally, however, is one of a "dream" that becomes actual and grows into enlarged vision and more facile personal operating.

The chances are ten to one that when you go through with the experience, you will scarcely realize it. At least, you won't realize it until it is behind you. And when you reach that realization, it won't make much difference to you, anyhow.

What then have you to be afraid of, except Fear by itself? Get over that, and Death is a DELIGHT!



Orthodox Fallacies about Christ's Second Coming



GOOD for serious and prolonged thought is bound to result, when one considers the dynamic social changes that might—and undoubtedly will—occur, if, as, and when Jesus the Christ appears upon this earth for a second time. The popular notion today is, that the Second Coming is to be introduced by a mammoth pyrotechnical display in the heavens. Over just what portion of the globe such pyrotechnical display is to happen, is agreeably ignored.

At the time the early church fathers talked so much, and so fearsomely, of the nature of Christ's return, the belief was general that the earth was flat.

Exactly what lay beyond the edges of the earth, or on what this flat mundane plate rested, it was heresy of a sort to ask. Always it was heresy—and still is heresy—to ask practical questions about religious matters which the clergy find it difficult to answer.

All the same, a flat earth presented no particular complications for the reappearance of the Christ on the colossal thunderstorm basis. Men were supposed to look aloft and behold the heavens in a maelstrom some Friday night, and in twenty minutes to an hour thereafter, the Son of Man was expected to be on earth once again, coming down some celestial staircase that cannot be accounted for on a basis of either astronomy or physics.

Making the discovery that the earth is an orb, however, that it is constantly in rotation, and that fifty percent of the globe's inhabitants would be shortsighted on witnessing the Spectacle of the Aeons, no matter in which hemisphere it happened, raised particular hob with the Thunderstorm-Return Hypothesis. True, the clergy didn't say more than they were compelled to say about it at the time, but they did not leave off dissertating upon it in all the flat-earth terminology ❀ ❀

"Ye shall see the Son of Man coming in all His glory, in the clouds of heaven, surrounded by His angels," is still good cant for the dominies, and the Biblical forecast ever since the Ascension.

That promise seems to have been made universally to humankind, but unless the Spectacle lasts the full twenty-four hours required for the earth to make a complete revolution, modern learning repudiates it as a scientific impossibility. However, let us not squabble in this paper about the physics of the Spectacle ❀ ❀

Let us say that in one manner or another, the moment came for Christ's long-promised reappearance, and that somehow He managed it, in a way that humankind from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand, conceded and knew that it was He.

Let us examine the thought for a page or two, that He had returned to fulfil the New Testament orthodox prophe-

cies of taking over the mundane universe and straightening it out.

What would be some of the eventualities immediately of moment among Christians, quite as much as among non-believers? ❀ ❀



FIRST of all, it is logical to assume that peoples of the world who do not—and never have been willing to—acknowledge the Carpenter of Galilee as

King of Kings and Lord of Lords, are going to set up an awful shindy over being compelled to acknowledge the Sage of Nazareth as the one true ruler over the whole earth. Of course, these non-Christians may be properly awed by the nature of the stupendous thunderstorm, so that tending to argue the matter takes more courage than they care to demonstrate at the moment. But that would mean frightening people into tendering Him obeisance, and while plenty of Christians are not lacking who would see nothing amiss in such terrorizing—in fact, find considerable satisfaction in the happening—more logical persons would be inclined to doubt the spiritual equities involved in the whole of it.

Certainly it was not Christ's way of obtaining respect and veneration when He was here among men, before.

However, the average person dismisses such difficulty by declaring that Christ would prove His identity and authenticity by doing a whole slew of miracles right out of hand—a demonstration of divine magic, to make His introduction sufficiently impressive. What these miracles would consist of, it is a bit troublesome to conjecture. But He certainly would do them! All good churchmen are positive on the subject.

These miracles, either terrorizing or enforcing respect, would have the tendency to show all non-Christians that they have been wrong from the first, and that a Personage had arrived whom they

should give due homage or encounter plenty of grief.

All thoughts of "democracy" and representative institutions, would at once be abandoned, due to the nature of the consequential circumstances. To all intents and purposes, the world's final and absolute Dictator would have come upon the scene. People now frenziedly combating ideas of personal dictatorships in this "age of enlightenment," will be forced to face the totalitarian state with a vengeance.

Christ's word will be law, and nobody else's opinions will count in the slightest, or their feelings be considered.

All of which is envisioned by orthodox Christians with relish. But it does seem to fall rather hard on the vast millions who are not Christians.

How would Christians relish the prospect, if Mahomet or Buddha descended the Celestial Staircase and made them take him as king of kings and lord of lords? Either would have to put on a very effective program of miracles indeed, to get them to acquiesce in the business. What is fair to one should be fair to the other—all religious personalities aside. And we must remember that to Arabs, Turks, and Chinamen, their own "prophets" are considered as quite on a par with the Founder of Christianity. They take it very seriously!

As for the Jews, we can expect them to plunge immediately into a masterpiece of dither. Everything distinguishing them as Jews, must "go by the board" thereafter. No longer can they squeal for tolerance or talk about religious persecution, gaining to their individuality by standing apart from Christians—because the basis of the eccentricity will have been taken from them.

To go back, however, to orthodox Christian notions, all the generations that have been lived and spent by man, trying to achieve self-discipline through self-government, will seem to have gone by the board, also. All has been negated in a moment, it seems, by having the Christ appear on the scene and "take up

His scepter." It leaves the dispassionate philosopher wondering to what end the world's political evolution has been divinely sponsored.



THE NEXT complication connected with the practicalities of the orthodox Second Coming, will be the annoying little matter of enforcing dictates on those temperamentally or racially opposed to the whole program of what is apparently in progress. We know that there are plenty of contrary or naturally obstructive persons in life today, just as there were when Christ was here on earth before. No matter how profitable or beneficent a new political or economic program appears to stack up, they are fundamentally "agin it." Is anyone optimistic enough to assume that even with the Lord of the Earth on hand once again, they will alter their characters and temperaments over night, and be thereafter agreeable, pliant, and acquiescent? And how will Dictator Christ of the theologians deal with them? Will he institute a sort of divine Nazi Gesta-po to treat with them? Will he employ force at all? If not, what will He employ, and how will He supervise the administration of it?

Becoming King of Kings and Lord of Lords all at once, presents a whole lot of practical difficulties, it seems. That is, assuming the orthodoxists and theologians have their concepts of it, right. Christ would employ only "persuasion," they would say? Then why did He not employ it with better success the first time? For nineteen hundred years the earth's recalcitrants have been setting up their defies to Him, and some of them seem to have been fairly successful. By what law of rule or reason are they to alter their constitutional natures and viewpoints the Second Time?

Then there is the item of whom He would treat with, in taking over power and rendering it effective.

The question of jurisdiction would most

certainly be surpassed by that of administration. The persons who carried out His orders would of necessity have to be of a similar adeptship of the Christ Himself of executiveship would break down on the points of sheer inefficiency and misrepresentation.

If, as the orthodoxists would like to believe without thinking very much about it, the Christ brings his own executives with Him, then the world is due for a celestial strong-arming at the hands of a class of cosmic police.

Again, how are they going to perform their stewardships when the question of non-compliance, or recalcitrancy, arises, and would not such a program have the effect of dominating the world of free mortals by a sort of transcendent force? If the latter, then why the need for the Second Coming at all? Why not simply wait for mortals to die, one by one, and gain to the reputed divine discipline in the orthodox Heaven—if, as, and when they reach it? Why bother to introduce the same regime on earth, when men and women in physical bodies will get the same thing presently on the "other side"? It leaves the philosopher wondering ❧ ❧



HERE should, of course, be a fine squabble arise at once between the Christian prelates of the so-called civilized countries and the world's political and military rulers, as to who should receive Him, or be considered most favored as to audience and official recognition. The Pope and all the cardinals of the Roman Church will expect Him to be their particular guest, and we may easily conjecture how piqued—if not downright mad, that is going to make the outstanding Protestant clergymen. The Archbishop of Canterbury is going to raise an awful stramash if He favor the Papacy over the hierarchy of the Episcopalians, and both are probably going to join hands and try to have none of Him if—say—He should proceed at

once to Harlem and go into session with Father Divine. Meanwhile, the Jews will doubtless besiege the American Congress with the demand that He be forthwith investigated by any Dies Committee of the moment, as being anti-Semitic, and guilty of practices decidedly un-American.

Considering the situation politically, presents possibilities even worse. If He came to Washington and dined with our prevalent brand of President, the Republicans and Constitutionalists of the country would have none of Him—labeling Him a New-Dealer or a Red—whereas if He called on the Republican National Committee, the press and radio of the Nation would immediately turn the heat on Him as representing horse-and-buggy days of religion.

But if He had no truck with any of these, He would be considered an alien, secretly in the pay of Hitler, trying to overthrow this government by violence. Does it all seem ridiculous, facetious, and even a bit sacrilegious? It is not meant as such. It is meant to call attention to the superficial thinking or acceptances of those who call themselves spiritual or "devout" ❧



LF PEOPLE who are sensible as well as devout, are inclined to give the matter serious thought, they will abandon most of the archaic, allegorical, or childish notions they have had taught them, connected with the real Second Coming, and consider the episode in the stronger, better, and truer light of the sterling Christ character, and the significance of moral and ethical evolution to the moment.

In the first place, reference is made in several apostolic speakings—as well as in the reputed utterances of the Galilean Himself, that when He next came, it would be as "a thief in the night," and that His approach would be as unperceived generally as "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

Is this not more rational and possible than the epochal Thunderstorm Advent with stairways down from "heaven"? ¶ Next, truly earnest Christians should by this time realize that it would be outside both the Christ character and the Christ performance, to "enter the earth" after the pattern of Hitler's entrance into Austria or Czechoslovakia—irrespective of any similarity of joyous greeting by bedeviled inhabitants.

Great leaders—and Our Lord has already indicated that greatness—always contrive to get their best effects through human instruments, human executives, and human ministers and representatives. Neither would He expect best results by coming suddenly, in a way that scared people out of their wits.

The significance of social and political evolution enters here.

Humankind has been coming a tortuous way, learning to perfect social and political forms at the cost of blood and tears, for an obvious purpose: to teach man how to govern himself, not to be governed by arbitrary fiat, no matter how beneficent or compassionate.

Every student of political economy is aware of the fact that a beneficent despotism is probably the best government—in the sense of being the most efficient government—on earth. But it is the worst possible form of government, considered from the standpoint of spiritual development.

The whole trend and essence of the Christ teaching the first time, was to inspire men to control and direct themselves—by voluntary, self-imposed discipline. How paradoxical to contend that with His second appearance, He would negate and reverse all this, just to become a sort of conquering worldly hero, or sublimated Roosevelt!

"My kingdom is not of this world," He declared explicitly, over and over. By what license then, do smug orthodoxists ignore such contention and affect to make Our Lord a childish combination of Roosevelt, Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin, all in one?

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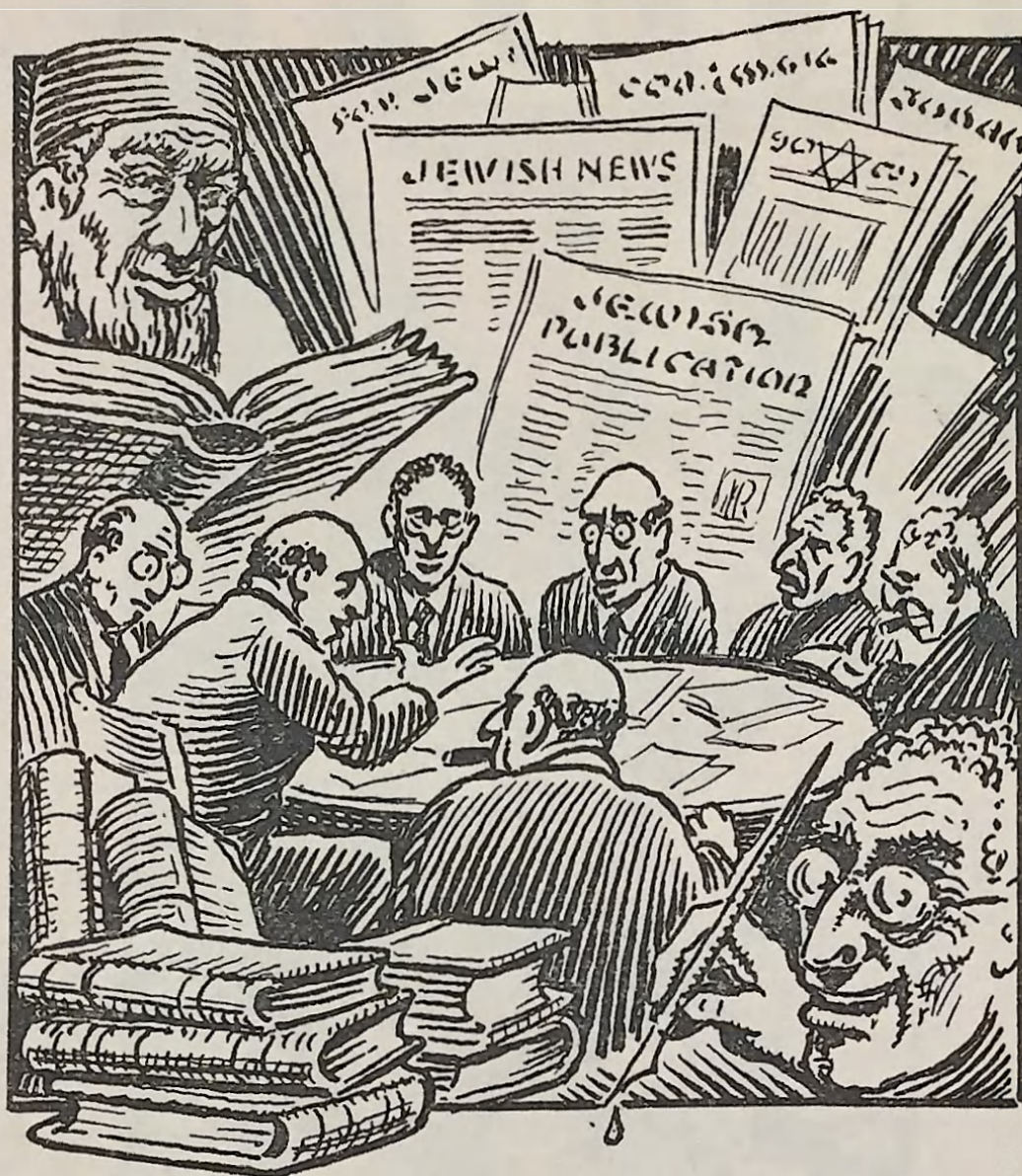
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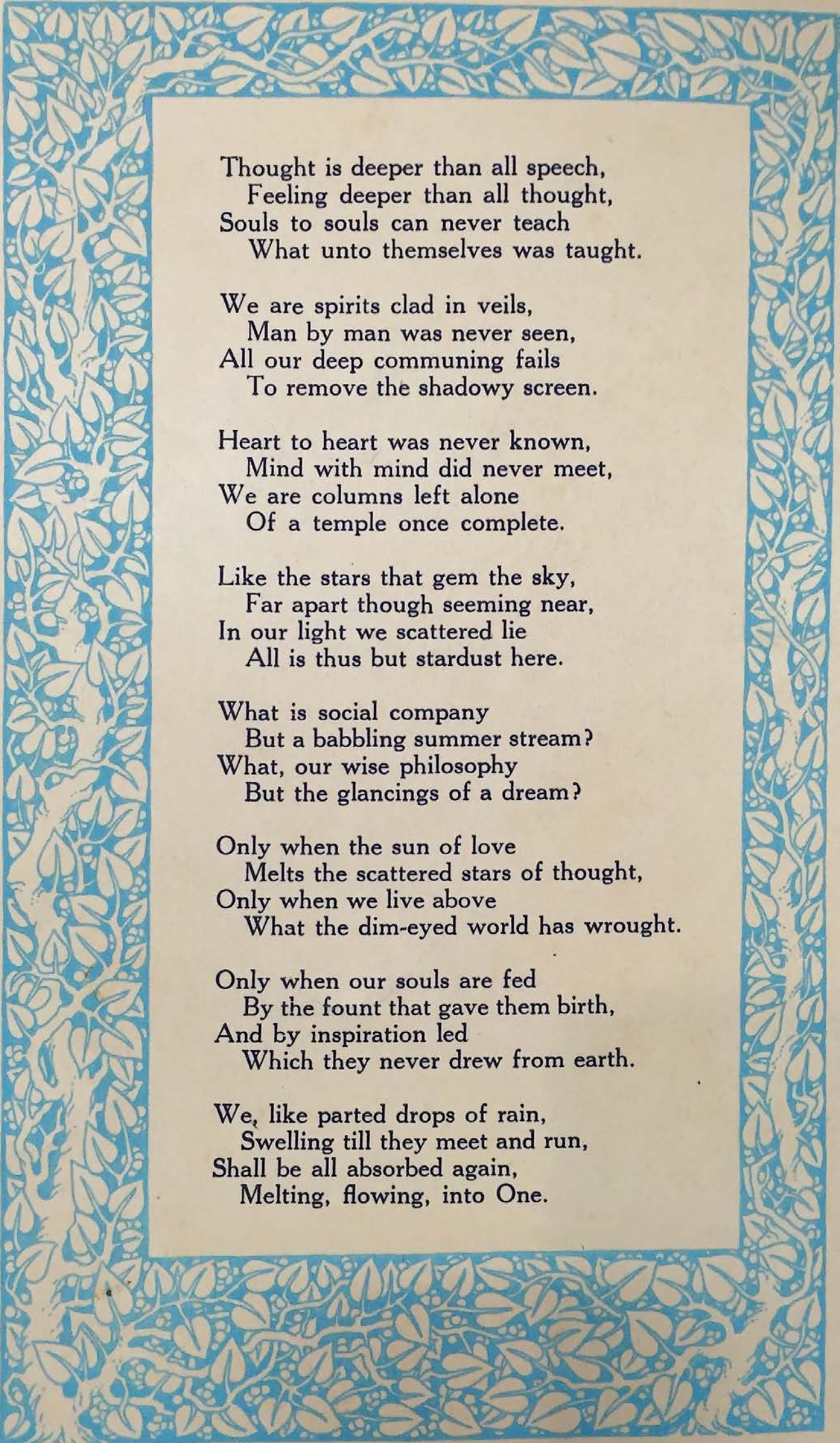
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Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils,
Man by man was never seen,
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
Mind with mind did never meet,
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie
All is thus but stardust here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What, our wise philosophy
But the glancings of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world has wrought.

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount that gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth.

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing, into One.